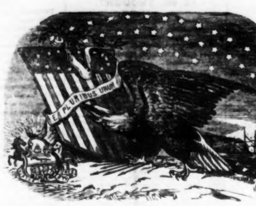

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers, NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance. THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. {

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1486.

Choice Poetry.

MY GARDEN GATE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY

Stand back, bewildering politics,
I've placed my fences round,
Pass on, with all your party tricks,
Nor tread my holy ground.
Stand back—I'm weary of your talk,
Your squabbles, and your prate;
You cannot enter in this walk,
I've closed my garden gate.

Stand back, ye thoughts of trade and pelf,
I have a refuge here;
I wish to commune with myself,
My mind is out of gear.
These bowers are sacred to the page
Of philosophic lore;
Within these bounds no envies rage;
I've shut my garden door.

Stand back, Frivolity and Show;
It is a day of spring;
I want to see my roses blow,
And hear the black-bird sing;
I wish to prune my apple-trees,
And make my peaches straight;
Keep to the causeway, if you please;
I've shut my garden gate.

I have no room for such as you;
My house is somewhat small;
Let love come here, and friendship too,
I'll give them welcome all.
They will not scorn my household stuff,
Or [illegible] my store.
Pass on—the world is wide enough;
I've shut my garden door.

Stand back, ye pomps, and let me wear
The liberty I love.
I have a coat at elbows bare;
I have no [illegible]
Within these precincts [illegible]
With Nature free from state;
There is no tinsel in the grove,
I've shut my garden gate.

What boots continued [illegible] and strife?
I cannot always climb;
I would not struggle all my life;
I need a breathing time.
Pass on—I've consecrated these grounds
To friendship, love, and lore;
You cannot come within these bounds,
I've shut my garden door.

Original Novelet.

THE BONNET ROUGE; A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[illegible]

CHAPTER I.

[illegible]

Our Portrait Gallery.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

The reader is referred to an article upon Mr. Elliott, by our correspondent, Mr. D. W. Bartlett, on the next page.

Pictures of Life.

NEW-YEAR IN THE LITTLE ROUGH-CAST HOUSE. (CONCLUDED.)

BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "RETRIBUTION," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

[illegible]

CHAPTER IX.

[illegible]

CHAPTER X.

[illegible]

til the candle burrowed from her sister Mary had burnt out in the socket and left her in darkness—still there was a day's work to do yet, as the dress was a serious one, to be trimmed elaborately with braid. As soon as it was light enough to see to work, Lydia arose, shuddering at the biting cold, and dressed herself with numb hands. She covered the children up warm, telling them to lie still. Then she descended the stairs into the cold, dark, desolate kitchen. Her first care was to open the kitchen door, to see how deep the snow might be, and if there was any possibility of getting over to Mary's to borrow a log of wood. But Lydia had to make many ineffectual efforts before she could pull open the four-board door, and then an impassable wall of snow met the astonished sight against it full as upon her, and a gust of biting sleet and snow blew into her face. It was dreadful to look out over the white fields of driven snow, in which the fences had disappeared, and in which even small houses were half hid. It was totally impossible to get over to Tin Three Cottages that morning, through the terrific snowstorm. With freezing hands, and by hard labor Lydia succeeded in shoveling out the snow, and closing the door. Then she made the sub-basket window-shutters, and let the light in upon the desolate kitchen. What a scene it was. The ivorine carpet—mother's home-made carpet,” had vanished before the cold and foul accumulation of the impoverished family. The floor was bare, and the planks warped apart with age let a tiny draught up through them. The plastering was broken in many places, and the window-sashes and panes were loose, so that the wind entered in at every quarter, making the room very cold, even when there was a fire in the fire-place, and now there was none, and no probability of there being one. A few old rickety chairs, a pine table, and a cupboard, with a few old cups and saucers of odd sizes were all the furniture of the desolate kitchen. As the cold grew still more piercing, fell on upon the cold hearth, Lydia trembled under the chill, and felt the need of exertion to keep her blood in motion. Her limbs were becoming perfectly frozen almost cold; but here was a lifeless clods, her hands were stiff and useless! What was to be done? Were her children indeed to starve and freeze before her? She rubbed her hands together vigorously, to restore their paralyzed circulation; she went to the coal barrel, and turning it up, emptied the handful of coal into it—but how to make it burn? Ah! suddenly a bright thought struck her—taking an axe from the corner under the stairs, she called the barrel on to the hearth, and commenced knocking it to pieces. It was a light piece of wood, and by the exertion of all her little strength, she managed to split it up, and taking a box of matches from the mantle-piece, she soon had a blazing fire. Then going to the foot of the stairs, she called out, cheerily—

“You may get up children, now—there is a fire now,” and setting her little pickle to boil, she thawed the ice in the stone pitcher, and began to set her corse-cake. It was baked by the time the children came down stairs, and after she had placed the corn-cake upon the pine table, and after the children had gathered around it, she said a blessing in a cheerful voice, and broke the bread among them. It was not a meal that long affected, and that was enough to restore for the heer the peace of one now inured to hardship. Little cheering scrap did the bread, or rather the question. It was soon done, and setting down her children, girls and boys, to cut and sew carpet rags, she took up her sewing and applied herself vigorously to it, stopping now and then to rub her hands to restore their congealing circulation, or to keep up the little fire by the occasional addition of a stave.

“Never mind, children,” she would say, gaily, “if we shall have a good fire and some new bed and bread for supper. Mother has only got to finish and carry home this work, and she will get some money, and buy some wood and some flour and molasses, and she will see if she can't make her children some cakes for New Year's.”

“And mother, won't you get my shoes home from Mr. Tucker's?” asked little Molly, whose little shoes had been at a cobbler's to be mended for two weeks, and had remained there because there was no money to pay for them.

“Yes, Molly, dear, mother will do that, too.”

All day long she stitched and stitched. The children became hungry again, and the fire was almost out. They became very cold. Hunger and cold react upon each other, each augmenting the other. About noon the barrel that had supplied the morning's fuel, stuntingly as it had been used, was quite exhausted, and only a few embers remained. Lydia had three old chairs, one or them must be sacrificed, a little fire must be had or the children must perish. Sue arose and broke up the chair—no hard matter, it was already rickety—and placed it on the fire: the children crowded around the little blaze—Molly, the baby, bringing her pet pigeon, whose feet were also crisped up with cold—and the mother resumed her needle. All day the mother and children had watched the sky, waiting for hoping for the cessation of the snow-storm with an anxiety only to be realized by the very poor and suffering. At length, a little after noon, the storm subsided, the sky shone out in splendor.

“See, children, it has cleared off beautifully,” exclaimed Lydia, by way of calling their attention to the splendor beauty of the sun upon the snow without, as she plied her needle with renewed zeal and cheerfulness. As soon as the afternoon waned, her good spirits flagged,—a weariness, a chilliness, an incination to yawn, a headache crept upon her. Those eight-o'clock followed by hectic fevers, the effects of constant anxiety, work, exposure and short nutrition, she had had at irregular periods before, but always in the afternoon or evening. But now, as she sat there the symptoms increased—an unsupportable weariness, a death-like chill; shivings, glows, mental sickness seized her. Still, she crept nearer the fire, and warmed harder, faster, to complete her task—it must be finished or the children must famish with cold and hunger. They had eaten nothing since morning—the fire was dying out a second time, and now the second cause was spilt up and put upon the decaying embers. It was now sundown when the dress was finished. With her slender burning with high fever, with her very thews and lips scarlet with the fever of her breath, with a spitting headache, Lydia tottered to her feet, and pinned the dress up, and finishing it neatly, pinned it up in the carefully preserved paper in which it had been brought home. Then sinking quivering in exhaustion on her chair again, she called two of her children to get ready and carry it home.

“Let me take it, mother,” said Harry, the eldest boy.

“No, my dear, you have no shoes—Lizzy's and Tommy's shoes are quite worn—I'll go.”

Then she sent Harry to stand by her feet so his own well-clothed stockings, and calling the little ones, she drew the socks over their rags by them wrapped them up in their little insery cases, and tying on Tommy's little cat-skin cap, and Lizzy's hoods stuff with the gave Lizzy the bundle and started them. Then returning, she dragged upon the out lounge, utterly prostrated. Harry was at her side again in an instant.

“Mother, you look sick, dear mother, ain't you very sick?”

“Only a little, darling; I have had a cold, and been a-sewing, that is all. Look at your little sister, Harry—lift her up and put her in the fire,” said the mother, straining her eyes anxiously in the control of the room. Where the baby had crawled to sleep for hunger, and lay curled up with the still fat cheek dropped under its dimpled arm, and the pet pidgeon sheltered in its bosom.

“Let her sleep, Harry, but lay her in the cradle, carer her up warm, Harry.”

The little boy raised his sister with difficulty. She had waked, sighed, but fell asleep again, as he placed her on her little bed and tucked her up. The pet pigeon cooed contentedly, hopped up on the edge of the cradle, plumed itself, and fluttering down upon the little sister nestled strongly against the infant's cheek.

“Mother, can I do nothing for you?” asked the child, coming back from his mother's side. “Can't I cover you up? Can't I hold your head?”

“Yes, Harry, darling, you can get a quilt from my chest and lay over me, and you may put your woolen-shawl to keep out the light—it makes me hurt worse, my dear.”

Harry did all that was required of him, and then sat down on the dark, cold room, with his infant sister sleeping in the cradle, and his mother lying upon the lounge. He sat down by her side with a sense of cold misery, to which he continually wept his little hand to ease her head.

“Never mind, dear Harry,” said she, in a low, weak voice, “be patient, Harry; mother will be better will go off by-and-bye, and brother and sister will return with the money and will make them, and you shall go and buy some wood and gingerbread—you shall have a good fire and a good supper yet.”

At last passed, the high town was going off in the perspective; last omnibus an attack of age and dance, and she was waiting for the nine to pass off, when the baby awoke and began to cry for food. The mother got up at once and went to her child, took her up in her arms, and rocked the floor with her, trying to soothe her with caresses, with soft words and gentle smiles, and promises that she should have something to eat when her sister and brother came home.

“Eat no! Sunday—no! Monday,” wailed the child, incessantly, “for me to—to—to—” Sue, mummy! Oh! Molly—mummy!” Inwardly reasons the infant, clinging around her mother's neck, unable to understand why its mother could not satisfy its wants. But if the poorest complexion of her baby were torture to hear and to bear, not the less agonizing was the sight of her poor patient boy, with his broad fair brow, large hollow eyes, and sharp chin, sitting on a little old bench, with his thin hands locked together. He was her first-born, and if she did not love him best, at least they understood each other best, he was in her confidence, and now he comprehended that melancholy look with which she regarded him, and starting up, he ran to her and embracing her, said,

“It is most time for them to be here, mother, and if you and the baby can stand it, I can, dear mother.”

It was time, high time that the children had returned: it was getting dark, and their mother was unspeakably expecting them, and was suffering every moment more anxious. It was terrible—the approaching night, that meeting mute, that parting every hour with the growing darkness, the intense anxiety for the two little ones rolled about Lydia's brain, the despair—oh! perhaps the death closing all around the cradle.

“You little mate complains no more—she is crying for food. Polly? Is taken to her own home—gone—it will soon be a moment. Polly? will not suffer much.” And she gently pushed the children off, and went to a dark corner where she took a butcher, and holding the head of Polly down upon the hearth, caused the hatchet A startling rap at the door arrested her hand.

“Who is there?” inquired she, turning around. The knob was turned, the door opened, and a handsome, well-dressed man entered. A load suddenly fell from her heart—a hope dropping life living pigeon, she sprang to his bosom—

“Mr. Lydia!”

“Lydia! is this you? I Am I dreaming, or has trouble driven me mad?”

“No, Lydia! it is me; compose yourself, Lydia: I am quite comfortable, and you, my dear, you must go to the window to look out for her wandering and she had returned—for her child—and as she looked eagerly, for her over the undulating white fields of driven snow on the road beyond the city. She watched till the sky grew too dark for her discern any thing.

“Mr. Lydia!” repeated Lydia—“you must not stay here, dear sir, you must be—for there are children and things, until they get to the pavement running round the capital. It was good walking there, and on the flag-stones of Pennsylvania Avenue, and down the Avenue, and the children will be about in the line of their streets, and they shops, &c., and there they would pause and look in the windows, and there they would be sure to be, and might would be on them. They are well-dressed and the sweet—they are, going to, my dear children with their mantuas, or cloaks, and with their hands or little baskets filled with dolls, tops, guns, drums—things that in these cross children looked so splendid, and seemed so desirable—and flattering, and they go on and stop at the shops, and hungry eyes into the confectioners' shops, where the sweet-meats of the freshly-baked cakes attract, and move the appetites of the half-famishing children. They went on, and at last came to the Capitol, and there where I sat to—to—to—to the cross to the family to whom it belonged. It was Mr. Butler's family, and when the children got to the door, and Lizzy pulled the bell, it was Mary, Mary Butler's daughter, a handsome girl, who opened the door. When he saw two little bits of children there, two tiny little human waves, and he was so late in the evening, he was struck with a deep sense, he paused a moment in pitying and he saw Lizzy's face, and the sweet pretty and beauty-land, and the savings from their wages, and the children, and he took them by the hands into their homes at a considerable advance upon the price at which they had been sold. And now they are happy, and they are rich, and I suppose there are, see once more settled in The Three Cottages.

Philadelphia, January, 1850.

General News.

THE CONSPIRACY.—*How Hurt State.*—How often we preach in favor of the golden rule, and how few have actually practiced it! The case of Mr. Tredeau had been cruelly treated by her own husband, who left her for California, carrying off her property, and leaving her destitute of support. That he left her is true; but efforts were not to be expected from a husband who could think that in his name, or a native of Central America, he had left property to the amount of $10,000. Gen. Thomas, a rich trader whose business as always been transacted by one of the most respect, and who left New York in 1849, for California—and to this house he his mother, with a liberal credit, under Mr. Wise Thompson, of Virginia, in order to ascertain his character and standing, the most satisfactory answers were given. He was returned to Central America, and left his partner behind him for any of her property. He is not an enemy to the state, but a friend. Mr. Thompson in charge de Affaires to France. The affair stands in the light of a second Quixotic expedition, for the motive for acting thus we cannot of course know. There is some mystery in the matter.—*New York Times.*

DOMESTICATION OF THE CANADIAN FARMERS.—There are more grounds for believing the statement, and that by a city paper, that Canada is not at an end. Lord Elgin, it is said, has received assurances from the most influential men in the country for a Federal Union of the North American Colonies, and a petition to that effect will be sent to Parliament, with a view of snapping in the bud the annexation movement. If this be true, and there is nothing unlikely, the Annexation movement will be on the anvil, and about to England that annexation is inevitable, and that the Canadians are ripe to the Imperial policy toward these Colonies, and to the Union. It is stated that the proposition will not be received by the country.—*Toronto Sun.*

SINGULAR ESCAPE.—The Baton Rouge (La.) Gazette of a very singular escape from drowning, which occurred to one of the deck hands of the steamer Ben Franklin, on the 15th inst. The man alighted to was sitting on the bow of the boat asleep, when he fell overboard and disappeared from sight. The next minute he came up and struck out for the bank, and soon reached the shore. The man alighted to was sitting on the bow of the boat asleep, when he fell overboard and disappeared from sight. The next minute he came up and struck out for the bank, and soon reached the shore. The man alighted to was sitting on the bow of the boat asleep, when he fell overboard and disappeared from sight. The next minute he came up and struck out for the bank, and soon reached the shore.

SPECIMEN.—The Baton Rouge (La.) Gazette of a very singular escape from drowning, which occurred to one of the deck hands of the steamer Ben Franklin, on the 15th inst. The man alighted to was sitting on the bow of the boat asleep, when he fell overboard and disappeared from sight. The next minute he came up and struck out for the bank, and soon reached the shore. The man alighted to was sitting on the bow of the boat asleep, when he fell overboard and disappeared from sight. The next minute he came up and struck out for the bank, and soon reached the shore.

“Yes, Molly, dear, mother will do that, too.”

All day long she stitched and stitched. The children became hungry again, and the fire was almost out. They became very cold. Hunger and cold react upon each other, each augmenting the other. About noon the barrel that had supplied the morning's fuel, stuntingly as it had been used, was quite exhausted, and only a few embers remained. Lydia had three old chairs, one or them must be sacrificed, a little fire must be had or the children must perish. Sue arose and broke up the chair—no hard matter, it was already rickety—and placed it on the fire: the children crowded around the little blaze—Molly, the baby, bringing her pet pigeon, whose feet were also crisped up with cold—and the mother resumed her needle. All day the mother and children had watched the sky, waiting for hoping for the cessation of the snow-storm with an anxiety only to be realized by the very poor and suffering. At length, a little after noon, the storm subsided, the sky shone out in splendor.

“See, children, it has cleared off beautifully,” exclaimed Lydia, by way of calling their attention to the splendor beauty of the sun upon the snow without, as she plied her needle with renewed zeal and cheerfulness. As soon as the afternoon waned, her good spirits flagged,—a weariness, a chilliness, an incination to yawn, a headache crept upon her. Those eight-o'clock followed by hectic fevers, the effects of constant anxiety, work, exposure and short nutrition, she had had at irregular periods before, but always in the afternoon or evening. But now, as she sat there the symptoms increased—an unsupportable weariness, a death-like chill; shivings, glows, mental sickness seized her. Still, she crept nearer the fire, and warmed harder, faster, to complete her task—it must be finished or the children must famish with cold and hunger. They had eaten nothing since morning—the fire was dying out a second time, and now the second cause was spilt up and put upon the decaying embers. It was now sundown when the dress was finished. With her slender burning with high fever, with her very thews and lips scarlet with the fever of her breath, with a spitting headache, Lydia tottered to her feet, and pinned the dress up, and finishing it neatly, pinned it up in the carefully preserved paper in which it had been brought home. Then sinking quivering in exhaustion on her chair again, she called two of her children to get ready and carry it home.

“Let me take it, mother,” said Harry, the eldest boy.

“No, my dear, you have no shoes—Lizzy's and Tommy's shoes are quite worn—I'll go.”

Then she sent Harry to stand by her feet so his own well-clothed stockings, and calling the little ones, she drew the socks over their rags by them wrapped them up in their little insery cases, and tying on Tommy's little cat-skin cap, and Lizzy's hoods stuff with the gave Lizzy the bundle and started them. Then returning, she dragged upon the out lounge, utterly prostrated. Harry was at her side again in an instant.

“Mother, you look sick, dear mother, ain't you very sick?”

“Only a little, darling; I have had a cold, and been a-sewing, that is all. Look at your little sister, Harry—lift her up and put her in the fire,” said the mother, straining her eyes anxiously in the control of the room. Where the baby had crawled to sleep for hunger, and lay curled up with the still fat cheek dropped under its dimpled arm, and the pet pidgeon sheltered in its bosom.

“Let her sleep, Harry, but lay her in the cradle, carer her up warm, Harry.”

The little boy raised his sister with difficulty. She had waked, sighed, but fell asleep again, as he placed her on her little bed and tucked her up. The pet pigeon cooed contentedly, hopped up on the edge of the cradle, plumed itself, and fluttering down upon the little sister nestled strongly against the infant's cheek.

“Mother, can I do nothing for you?” asked the child, coming back from his mother's side. “Can't I cover you up? Can't I hold your head?”

“Yes, Harry, darling, you can get a quilt from my chest and lay over me, and you may put your woolen-shawl to keep out the light—it makes me hurt worse, my dear.”

Harry did all that was required of him, and then sat down on the dark, cold room, with his infant sister sleeping in the cradle, and his mother lying upon the lounge. He sat down by her side with a sense of cold misery, to which he continually wept his little hand to ease her head.

“Never mind, dear Harry,” said she, in a low, weak voice, “be patient, Harry; mother will be better will go off by-and-bye, and brother and sister will return with the money and will make them, and you shall go and buy some wood and gingerbread—you shall have a good fire and a good supper yet.”

At last passed, the high town was going off in the perspective; last omnibus an attack of age and dance, and she was waiting for the nine to pass off, when the baby awoke and began to cry for food. The mother got up at once and went to her child, took her up in her arms, and rocked the floor with her, trying to soothe her with caresses, with soft words and gentle smiles, and promises that she should have something to eat when her sister and brother came home.

“Eat no! Sunday—no! Monday,” wailed the child, incessantly, “for me to—to—to—” Sue, mummy! Oh! Molly—mummy!” Inwardly reasons the infant, clinging around her mother's neck, unable to understand why its mother could not satisfy its wants. But if the poorest complexion of her baby were torture to hear and to bear, not the less agonizing was the sight of her poor patient boy, with his broad fair brow, large hollow eyes, and sharp chin, sitting on a little old bench, with his thin hands locked together. He was her first-born, and if she did not love him best, at least they understood each other best, he was in her confidence, and now he comprehended that melancholy look with which she regarded him, and starting up, he ran to her and embracing her, said,

“It is most time for them to be here, mother, and if you and the baby can stand it, I can, dear mother.”

It was time, high time that the children had returned: it was getting dark, and their mother was unspeakably expecting them, and was suffering every moment more anxious. It was terrible—the approaching night, that meeting mute, that parting every hour with the growing darkness, the intense anxiety for the two little ones rolled about Lydia's brain, the despair—oh! perhaps the death closing all around the cradle.

“You little mate complains no more—she is crying for food. Polly? Is taken to her own home—gone—it will soon be a moment. Polly? will not suffer much.” And she gently pushed the children off, and went to a dark corner where she took a butcher, and holding the head of Polly down upon the hearth, caused the hatchet A startling rap at the door arrested her hand.

“Who is there?” inquired she, turning around. The knob was turned, the door opened, and a handsome, well-dressed man entered. A load suddenly fell from her heart—a hope dropping life living pigeon, she sprang to his bosom—

“Mr. Lydia!”

“Lydia! is this you? I Am I dreaming, or has trouble driven me mad?”

“No, Lydia! it is me; compose yourself, Lydia: I am quite comfortable, and you, my dear, you must go to the window to look out for her wandering and she had returned—for her child—and as she looked eagerly, for her over the undulating white fields of driven snow on the road beyond the city. She watched till the sky grew too dark for her discern any thing.

“Mr. Lydia!” repeated Lydia—“you must not stay here, dear sir, you must be—for there are children and things, until they get to the pavement running round the capital. It was good walking there, and on the flag-stones of Pennsylvania Avenue, and down the Avenue, and the children will be about in the line of their streets, and they shops, &c., and there they would pause and look in the windows, and there they would be sure to be, and might would be on them. They are well-dressed and the sweet—they are, going to, my dear children with their mantuas, or cloaks, and with their hands or little baskets filled with dolls, tops, guns, drums—things that in these cross children looked so splendid, and seemed so desirable—and flattering, and they go on and stop at the shops, and hungry eyes into the confectioners' shops, where the sweet-meats of the freshly-baked cakes attract, and move the appetites of the half-famishing children. They went on, and at last came to the Capitol, and there where I sat to—to—to—to the cross to the family to whom it belonged. It was Mr. Butler's family, and when the children got to the door, and Lizzy pulled the bell, it was Mary, Mary Butler's daughter, a handsome girl, who opened the door. When he saw two little bits of children there, two tiny little human waves, and he was so late in the evening, he was struck with a deep sense, he paused a moment in pitying and he saw Lizzy's face, and the sweet pretty and beauty-land, and the savings from their wages, and the children, and he took them by the hands into their homes at a considerable advance upon the price at which they had been sold. And now they are happy, and they are rich, and I suppose there are, see once more settled in The Three Cottages.

Philadelphia, January, 1850.

General News.

THE CONSPIRACY.—*How Hurt State.*—How often we preach in favor of the golden rule, and how few have actually practiced it! The case of Mr. Tredeau had been cruelly treated by her own husband, who left her for California, carrying off her property, and leaving her destitute of support. That he left her is true; but efforts were not to be expected from a husband who could think that in his name, or a native of Central America, he had left property to the amount of $10,000. Gen. Thomas, a rich trader whose business as always been transacted by one of the most respect, and who left New York in 1849, for California—and to this house he his mother, with a liberal credit, under Mr. Wise Thompson, of Virginia, in order to ascertain his character and standing, the most satisfactory answers were given. He was returned to Central America, and left his partner behind him for any of her property. He is not an enemy to the state, but a friend. Mr. Thompson in charge de Affaires to France. The affair stands in the light of a second Quixotic expedition, for the motive for acting thus we cannot of course know. There is some mystery in the matter.—*New York Times.*

DOMESTICATION OF THE CANADIAN FARMERS.—There are more grounds for believing the statement, and that by a city paper, that Canada is not at an end. Lord Elgin, it is said, has received assurances from the most influential men in the country for a Federal Union of the North American Colonies, and a petition to that effect will be sent to Parliament, with a view of snapping in the bud the annexation movement. If this be true, and there is nothing unlikely, the Annexation movement will be on the anvil, and about to England that annexation is inevitable, and that the Canadians are ripe to the Imperial policy toward these Colonies, and to the Union. It is stated that the proposition will not be received by the country.—*Toronto Sun.*

SINGULAR ESCAPE.—The Baton Rouge (La.) Gazette of a very singular escape from drowning, which occurred to one of the deck hands of the steamer Ben Franklin, on the 15th inst. The man alighted to was sitting on the bow of the boat asleep, when he fell overboard and disappeared from sight. The next minute he came up and struck out for the bank, and soon reached the shore. The man alighted to was sitting on the bow of the boat asleep, when he fell overboard and disappeared from sight. The next minute he came up and struck out for the bank, and soon reached the shore. The man alighted to was sitting on the bow of the boat asleep, when he fell overboard and disappeared from sight. The next minute he came up and struck out for the bank, and soon reached the shore.

SPECIMEN.—The Baton Rouge (La.) Gazette of a very singular escape from drowning, which occurred to one of the deck hands of the steamer Ben Franklin, on the 15th inst. The man alighted to was sitting on the bow of the boat asleep, when he fell overboard and disappeared from sight. The next minute he came up and struck out for the bank, and soon reached the shore. The man alighted to was sitting on the bow of the boat asleep, when he fell overboard and disappeared from sight. The next minute he came up and struck out for the bank, and soon reached the shore.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1850.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND TO ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Saturday Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there must be a great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to hereafter send us the other twenty papers, will not fail to perceive that it contains all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage will be paid by us on every paper, or on the moment and parcel of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish changed *to*.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the Post Office, to prevent delay.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by writing their name and to our address when they can do so conveniently.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ We are familiarly behind with our correspondence, but we will soon be caught up. Many communications parts of our editorial duties, have been crowded out this week by the press of other matters.

THE LOSS OF PUBLIC EDUCATION. Ten thousand thanks to the friend who went to the trouble of copying for us the article on this subject in the last number. We hardly know how to get it in. In the meantime, the friend who did us this service will oblige us by sending it to us, or he shall have a copy of the Post for a year gratis.

THE BONNET ROUGE.

We have received the first number of Sarah's impressive New Year's story—her promised success will of course yet be complete and begin Mrs. Stephens's powerful revolutionary Romance, “THE BONNET ROUGE.” We think our readers will agree with us that the beautiful opening of Mrs. Stephens's story gives assurance that this will be one of her finest efforts. Therefore the Saturday Post is bounty-land, and the savings from their wages, and the children, and he took them by the hands into their homes at a considerable advance upon the price at which they had been sold. And now they are happy, and they are rich, and I suppose there are, see once more settled in The Three Cottages.

Philadelphia, January, 1850.

General News.

THE CONSPIRACY.—*How Hurt State.*—How often we preach in favor of the golden rule, and how few have actually practiced it! The case of Mr. Tredeau had been cruelly treated by her own husband, who left her for California, carrying off her property, and leaving her destitute of support. That he left her is true; but efforts were not to be expected from a husband who could think that in his name, or a native of Central America, he had left property to the amount of $10,000. Gen. Thomas, a rich trader whose business as always been transacted by one of the most respect, and who left New York in 1849, for California—and to this house he his mother, with a liberal credit, under Mr. Wise Thompson, of Virginia, in order to ascertain his character and standing, the most satisfactory answers were given. He was returned to Central America, and left his partner behind him for any of her property. He is not an enemy to the state, but a friend. Mr. Thompson in charge de Affaires to France. The affair stands in the light of a second Quixotic expedition, for the motive for acting thus we cannot of course know. There is some mystery in the matter.—*New York Times.*

DOMESTICATION OF THE CANADIAN FARMERS.—There are more grounds for believing the statement, and that by a city paper, that Canada is not at an end. Lord Elgin, it is said, has received assurances from the most influential men in the country for a Federal Union of the North American Colonies, and a petition to that effect will be sent to Parliament, with a view of snapping in the bud the annexation movement. If this be true, and there is nothing unlikely, the Annexation movement will be on the anvil, and about to England that annexation is inevitable, and that the Canadians are ripe to the Imperial policy toward these Colonies, and to the Union. It is stated that the proposition will not be received by the country.—*Toronto Sun.*

SINGULAR ESCAPE.—The Baton Rouge (La.) Gazette of a very singular escape from drowning, which occurred to one of the deck hands of the steamer Ben Franklin, on the 15th inst. The man alighted to was sitting on the bow of the boat asleep, when he fell overboard and disappeared from sight. The next minute he came up and struck out for the bank, and soon reached the shore. The man alighted to was sitting on the bow of the boat asleep, when he fell overboard and disappeared from sight. The next minute he came up and struck out for the bank, and soon reached the shore. The man alighted to was sitting on the bow of the boat asleep, when he fell overboard and disappeared from sight. The next minute he came up and struck out for the bank, and soon reached the shore.

SPECIMEN.—The Baton Rouge (La.) Gazette of a very singular escape from drowning, which occurred to one of the deck hands of the steamer Ben Franklin, on the 15th inst. The man alighted to was sitting on the bow of the boat asleep, when he fell overboard and disappeared from sight. The next minute he came up and struck out for the bank, and soon reached the shore. The man alighted to was sitting on the bow of the boat asleep, when he fell overboard and disappeared from sight. The next minute he came up and struck out for the bank, and soon reached the shore.

AS WE THOUGHT.

In a letter from Grass Greenwood, that speculative and romantic member of the Post, Grass addressed upon a passage in one of Mr. Sass's poems, which she considered disrespectful to literary women. In a note that we received a few days since, from Mr. Sass, he thus alludes to the charge in question:

I am very sorry to have given umbrage to your correspondent, Grace Greenwood, whose literary talents and personal virtues I highly appreciate. I had no intention of reflecting on the sex in the couplet to which she complains. I have no application to any one in particular. I merely wrote down the lines as they occurred to me, to conserve grave contemplations. In the small circle of literary friends which I have had the pleasure to have encountered, they have been, hitherto, so uniformly adorned by the lovely graces of a good nature, that I am grown quite jealous of the reputation—and am sincerely glad to see anybody should think me capable of being satisfied or even pleased with it. My memory I confidently set—though by my daughters I may seem to be so—in my virginity. The lady appears to be blameless of the sin of some respects, that I hope she may find upon the hearth, round the hatchet. A

Just so we thought. Mr. Sass was only guilty of dullness in a stone which many bewitched men commend, but is fast going out of use with sensible men. He really meant no offence to women of letters, or he should have used so—as well unnoticed all literary women in a general condemnation. Literary writings are his forte, which are well-turned and witty.

What binders them, when every youth may choose An Ass to bind his love-lorn muse?

And close he had sensing his fellow-men,

Who, like the echoes, keep a Muse myself.

Who, like the echoes, keep a Muse myself.

Who, like the echoes, keep a Muse myself.

Who, like the echoes, keep a Muse myself.

WON'T SPEAK TO YOU.

Knowing the propensity of Louis Napoleon to entere a little in European affairs, we object to the proposed cessation of diplomatic intercourse with Austria, as the first step to a declaration of war.

Louis Napoleon can commune in private life than for one individual to take offence, justly or unjustly, at another, and refuse to speak to him or have him speak to him.

Now, what is true of individuals is true of nations—only more so. If we think Austria has behaved ill, and we have open cause of war, the first step is to address ourselves, perhaps, to her; but we—of course in gentlemanly language—tell her that we have been insulted, and that we will not speak to her. Our Minister, but also in language not wanting in dignity and energy. Then if Austria continues to take offence and dismiss our minister, let her do so. Austria will be the last of the nations to be “speaking our minds” one, and, if she still continues her diplomatic relations with us, will have to make the first move for peace.

If Austria would suffer to any considerable extent by a cessation of commerce between the two nations, there would be more to urge in favor of the proposition. Of course Austria's commerce is not on the small amount of our commerce with her, or in fact an argument against the plan that he proposed.

Now, what is true of individuals or true of nations—only more so. If we think Austria has behaved ill, and we have open cause of war, the first step is to address ourselves, perhaps, to her; but we—of course in gentlemanly language—tell her that we have been insulted, and that we will not speak to her. Our Minister, but also in language not wanting in dignity and energy. Then if Austria continues to take offence and dismiss our minister, let her do so. Austria will be the last of the nations to be “speaking our minds” one, and, if she still continues her diplomatic relations with us, will have to make the first move for peace.

If Austria would suffer to any considerable extent by a cessation of commerce between the two nations, there would be more to urge in favor of the proposition. Of course Austria's commerce is not on the small amount of our commerce with her, or in fact an argument against the plan that he proposed.

LEGISLATIVE INSTRUCTIONS.

We think there is a tendency just now in State Legislatures, to run the very dubious right of instructing United States Senators, somewhat in vein of the old Roman Senate, when it commanded the Legislatures to attend to the private affairs of the State, and not to be so much in attendance upon the public affairs of the State. The independence even our foreign relations and national interests is of all kinds. The idea that a Senator can be faithful to his State and to the United States, if he is not a mere machine, is a most egregiously absurd one.

Now, in the present condition of our foreign relations, threatened for a few hours in a moment by the most serious dangers, and then almost suddenly and though by a large majority, and happily, averted, it is the duty of our Senators to be left free to judge and act wisely upon the particular situation of affairs, and not to be tied down to any previous put together—and when Senators feel a responsibility upon the subject, which State legislators cannot possibly feel.

Only in cases where a national question has been long before the country, and where the Legislature has been elected with a reference to part to the expression and the position of their constituents upon that question, should State legislators presume to meddle with matters out of the ordinary sphere of legislation.

LAPORTE'S LECTURES.

We would call the attention of our city readers to a course of lectures in French and English, on the Science of Music, by M. Laporte, to be given at the hall of the University, by M. de Laporte.

M. Laporte—formerly Count Laporte—has had the honor of being the music teacher, during several years, of one of the French Departments, from which he was driven by the revolution of February, 1848. The same great convulsion deprived him of the bulk of his property, and he sought refuge in this country. He has resided for some years in Florida, but, after a four years' residence, he was induced, by the mild state of his health, to try a Northern climate. Of late years he has been engaged in teaching music, both vocal and instrumental, and is a teacher of French in general.

M. Laporte is an American Republican, but a French Republican. He has left France in the belief that the French people are not yet qualified for the enjoyment of republican liberty, and that the French republic will not be established upon a firm and great majority and a thick accession of republican citizens. He is a republican, and he repeats his lectures in French, after their English delivery, it is a good opportunity for French scholars to improve their knowledge.

THE DAUPHIN.

A recent premier of the “Penn Inquirer,” of the 17th inst., says, that the Dauphin, the only proof of the alleged fact that the Dauphin of France did not die, as is generally believed, shortly after the execution of his father, Louis XVI., but was really sent out of the country by some of the most merciful of the “Mountain” leaders, but among the exiles of Louis XVIII., by whom he was entrusted, and is now an intelligent and educated man, living in Germany. We have seen this story several times in our exchanges, within the last few months, and have always supposed that it began to be considered as a mere fable. As there are enough interested in the subject—the whole royal party at least—to keep the matter before the public for a story, and ascertain whether it really be true. We have no particular interest in the subject for the present, however, that this fashion chief will be found, and we shall publish a detailed account of the whole matter.

ANOTHER MISTAKE.

The *Home Journal* says:

“Mr. Lydia!” repeated Lydia—“you must not stay here, dear sir, you must be—for there are children and things, until they get to the pavement running round the capital. It was good walking there, and on the flag-stones of Pennsylvania Avenue, and down the Avenue, and the children will be about in the line of their streets, and they shops, &c., and there they would pause and look in the windows, and there they would be sure to be, and might would be on them. They are well-dressed and the sweet—they are, going to, my dear children with their mantuas, or cloaks, and with their hands or little baskets filled with dolls, tops, guns, drums—things that in these cross children looked so splendid, and seemed so desirable—and flattering, and they go on and stop at the shops, and hungry eyes into the confectioners' shops, where the sweet-meats of the freshly-baked cakes attract, and move the appetites of the half-famishing children. They went on, and at last came to the Capitol, and there where I sat to—to—to—to the cross to the family to whom it belonged. It was Mr. Butler's family, and when the children got to the door, and Lizzy pulled the bell, it was Mary, Mary Butler's daughter, a handsome girl, who opened the door. When he saw two little bits of children there, two tiny little human waves, and he was so late in the evening, he was struck with a deep sense, he paused a moment in pitying and he saw Lizzy's face, and the sweet pretty and beauty-land, and the savings from their wages, and the children, and he took them by the hands into their homes at a considerable advance upon the price at which they had been sold. And now they are happy, and they are rich, and I suppose there are, see once more settled in The Three Cottages.

Philadelphia, January, 1850.

General News.

THE CONSPIRACY.—*How Hurt State.*—How often we preach in favor of the golden rule, and how few have actually practiced it! The case of Mr. Tredeau had been cruelly treated by her own husband, who left her for California, carrying off her property, and leaving her destitute of support. That he left her is true; but efforts were not to be expected from a husband who could think that in his name, or a native of Central America, he had left property to the amount of $10,000. Gen. Thomas, a rich trader whose business as always been transacted by one of the most respect, and who left New York in 1849, for California—and to this house he his mother, with a liberal credit, under Mr. Wise Thompson, of Virginia, in order to ascertain his character and standing, the most satisfactory answers were given. He was returned to Central America, and left his partner behind him for any of her property. He is not an enemy to the state, but a friend. Mr. Thompson in charge de Affaires to France. The affair stands in the light of a second Quixotic expedition, for the motive for acting thus we cannot of course know. There is some mystery in the matter.—*New York Times.*

DOMESTICATION OF THE CANADIAN FARMERS.—There are more grounds for believing the statement, and that by a city paper, that Canada is not at an end. Lord Elgin, it is said, has received assurances from the most influential men in the country for a Federal Union of the North American Colonies, and a petition to that effect will be sent to Parliament, with a view of snapping in the bud the annexation movement. If this be true, and there is nothing unlikely, the Annexation movement will be on the anvil, and about to England that annexation is inevitable, and that the Canadians are ripe to the Imperial policy toward these Colonies, and to the Union. It is stated that the proposition will not be received by the country.—*Toronto Sun.*

SINGULAR ESCAPE.—The Baton Rouge (La.) Gazette of a very singular escape from drowning, which occurred to one of the deck hands of the steamer Ben Franklin, on the 15th inst. The man alighted to was sitting on the bow of the boat asleep, when he fell overboard and disappeared from sight. The next minute he came up and struck out for the bank, and soon reached the shore. The man alighted to was sitting on the bow of the boat asleep, when he fell overboard and disappeared from sight. The next minute he came up and struck out for the bank, and soon reached the shore. The man alighted to was sitting on the bow of the boat asleep, when he fell overboard and disappeared from sight. The next minute he came up and struck out for the bank, and soon reached the shore.

SPECIMEN.—The Baton Rouge (La.) Gazette of a very singular escape from drowning, which occurred to one of the deck hands of the steamer Ben Franklin, on the 15th inst. The man alighted to was sitting on the bow of the boat asleep, when he fell overboard and disappeared from sight. The next minute he came up and struck out for the bank, and soon reached the shore. The man alighted to was sitting on the bow of the boat asleep, when he fell overboard and disappeared

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1850.

PENN'A. LEGISLATURE.

We notice the following concerning the proceedings of the Legislature of this State:

Mr. Matthias has introduced a resolution making it the duty of the Senate Appropriation Committee, to enquire into the expediency of reporting a bill dividing the State into the hundred single Representative districts; each to have one member in the lower House. This is the New York plan, and one of which we highly approve, as far as it is practicable. If this plan were adopted, we think better men would be sent to the Legislature from the city and county than at present.

Mr. Drum offered the following resolution, which was postponed:

Resolved, That a Select Committee of three be appointed to enquire if any, and what amendments, to the Constitution may have been suggested by the experience of the last ten years; and should any such exist to be determined by the wishes of the people, or the necessity of the popular government, to report the same to the House.

That local anything we have seen lately. Mr. Drum must want to make a name in the world, or a reputation. The people of this country are quite apt enough at crying out when any constitutional objections have been made to them, without any prompting to it by a legislative committee. It does not help matters any in a State, any more than of an individual, to keep constantly tinkering at it.

The following act has been introduced relative to the County Laws:

Sec. 1, Be it enacted, &c.—That from and after the passage of this act, it shall be lawful for all persons to put their monies now out at interest, for the loan of money on any promissory note, draft, acceptance, bill payable or bills of exchange, drawn for any time not exceeding twelve months, giving out of security, and to make such transactions, or contracts therefor, as the parties may agree upon, any law to the contrary notwithstanding.

Sec. 2. That no greater rate of interest than six per cent. shall be allowed or taken for the forbearance of the debts of the residents thereof, in the Courts of this Commonwealth, although such judgment may be founded upon a written obligation for a higher rate of interest.

Sec. 3. Any thing in this act shall be construed to apply to any loan, where the sum or thing loaned shall be secured by a mortgage or in consideration of real estate, nor to any loan or account by any bank or banking association.

Sec. 4. That so much of any existing law or laws, as conflicts with this act, be and the same is hereby repealed.

The House adopted a resolution authorizing the Committee on Banks to propound certain interrogatories similar to those of last year; to Banks and Savings Institutions, in relation to their business, &c. Mr. Matthias introduced a resolution making it the duty of the Secretary of the Commonwealth to furnish each member of the Legislature with a copy of the Constitution of the United States, and of this Commonwealth, although such legislator may be furnished with a copy of the same, and also a copy of the Constitution of this State.

In the Senate, Mr. Muhlenberg, from the Committee on Banks, to whom was referred the report and resolutions relative to the petitions for Homestead Exemption, with a substitute, reported a bill in lieu thereof, for further consideration of said petitions.

After a warm discussion, the consideration of the Committee was finally postponed. We trust that some one will send us the report of the Committee on Homestead Exemption, and we would like to see what reasonable thing can be said.

FEMALE IMMIGRANTS.

We think that the female immigrants should become naturalized as well as their brothers and husbands. The widow of a naturalized citizen may, by naturalization, become entitled to the property at her deceased husband; but in many cases she is unable to be naturalized, and so is not naturalized, and she cannot make a title to it. It is not advisable to sell, or lease, for any long term dispose of her estate, litigation almost certainly ensues, and on examination, the title to many of the property of the kind are constantly occurring; thousands of dollars are lost annually, and all women not naturalized should become so at once."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the week in the city was 144—adults 84—and children 60.

Congressional News.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 9th, Mr. Underwood, of Kentucky, presented a memorial from citizens of that State, praying both the veto of war, and asking Congress to take measures for the immediate annexation of the State of Texas. Mr. Underwood, Mr. Upham, of Vermont, presented a series of resolutions adopted by the Legislature of Vermont, on the subject of slavery. Mr. U. moved that the resolutions be printed.

Mr. Mangum, of North Carolina, moved that the motion to reverse the order of business lie upon the table.

Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, called for the yeas and nays.

Mr. Upham expressed a hope that the Senate would not depart from the usual custom of receiving and printing all resolutions adopted by the Legislatures of sovereign States.

Mr. King, of Alabama, contended that the usual course, upon the presentation of resolutions of State Legislatures, was to receive them and lay them on the table.

Mr. Mangum here agreeing with the suggestion of Mr. King, withdrew his motion, and the resolutions were received.

Upon the question arising on a motion to print, Mr. Davis, of Florida, rose and said, that although the Senate might not deem it necessary to print, by ordering to be printed, it could be done digestly in the usual manner, by the Superintendent of Printing, and according to the people whom he had the honor of representing, (and he spoke for Mississippi, Vermont, Georgia) more coming into contact with the constituents were better pleased to be furnished with them.

Mr. Butler, of South Carolina, said he would not object to the printing of those resolutions, if they were emanated from a Sovereign State. He, however, contended that such documents, emanating from Legislatures, should be printed, that the people of the Southern States might be informed of the progress of sentiment on the subject. Mr. B. had no objection to lighting the fires of sectional and rational zeal which might come up.

Mr. Upham said that he was unable to use such language and wishing to stamp others which have been used in the Senate, he withdrew the motion to print, and the resolutions were received.

After other remarks by Messrs Phelps and Mason, on motion of printing, and Messrs. Mason and Mangum in opposition to the printing, Mr. Mason, of Penn. moved that the resolutions lie on the table. The following was the vote:

YEAS—Messrs. Bayard, Chalmers, Clay, Dodge, Iowa, Dodge, Wisconsin, Downs, Foote, Hale, Hunter, Jones, Mangum, Mason, Miller, Morton, Pearce, Phelps, Rusk, Sebastian, Soulé, Spruance, Turney, Underwood, Upham, Walker, Whitcomb, Yulee—30.

NAYS—Messrs. Atchison, Badger, Baldwin, Bell, Benton, Butler, Cass, Clarke, Davis, Mississippi, Dayton, Ewing, Felch, Greene, Houston, King, Mangum, Morris, Norris, Pratt, Seward, Spruance, Sturgeon, Underwood, Upham, Walker, Whitcomb, Yulee—30.

The question again recurring on the motion to print, Messrs. Hunt, of Georgia, Mangum, Mason, advocated the printing, and Messrs. Butler, spoke against it. The motion was lost—yeas 25, nays, unanimously, for that reason.

Mr. Foote, of Mississippi, proceeded to address the Senate in favor of the consideration of the resolutions, inquiring into the expediency of suspending the Constitutional provision for suspending diplomatic intercourse with foreign nations, in the event of war and peace, not yet exchanged between the United States and the Mexican Republic. He called upon the Senate, in the name of the people of Mississippi, to act upon the subject, and to disregard the natural superstition which existed in the minds of some men, that the Senate was composed of a body of men, who were above the people through their representatives, and not in the habit of receiving their instructions. Mr. F. spoke of the fidelity, and valor of the people of Mississippi, and of their patriotism and opposition. On the 10th, Mr. Mangum, of North Carolina, presented a petition of Lemuel S. Tuner, of New York, asking to be declared a citizen of the United States, with reference to the Presidential election. Mr. Mangum, of North Carolina, moved that the petition be laid upon the table. Mr. Seward said it was understood that the Executive preferred a reference of the matter to Congress. Referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

Mr. Smith, of Connecticut, moved a reference of certain memorials asking indemnity for French spoliations, to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

Mr. Dickinson, of New York, presented the memorial of the Panama Railroad Company, asking the passage of a law authorizing compensation for services which may be rendered to the Government when the road shall be completed, and moved a reference of the subject to the Committee on Commerce.

Mr. Yulee, of Florida, inquired what connection the subject had with the commerce of the country.

Mr. Dickinson said the construction of the road would be calculated to promote commercial intercourse.

Mr. Yulee—Then this is a sort of internal improvement property.

Mr. Mangum—Or rather, external improvement.

Mr. Dickinson said he was not misinformed. He did not put this on the ground of internal improvement. He had moved the reference that he had, because he thought the Committee on Commerce the appropriate Committee, in view of the operation of the resolutions established.

Mr. Yulee moved a reference to the Military Committee.

Mr. Dickinson—I can see no connection between the subject and military affairs, as we are at peace with all the world, and the rest of mankind.—(Laughter.)

Mr. King, of Alabama, submitted a resolution of inquiry relative to the expediency of establishing fortifications on Dauphin Island, in Mobile Bay. Mr. King, after a conversation with some of the most enlarging the inquiry to Ship Island on the coast of Mississippi, was adopted.

Mr. Seward, in pursuance of previous notice, asked leave to bring in a bill to prevent the sale or incumbrance of the public lands, which he said, was in accordance with the Resolutions on the subject.

Mr. Seward also introduced the following resolution, which was laid over under the rule:

Resolved, That the people of Austria and of Hungary have a right to which those powers have subjected the autonomy and the liberties of Hungary, has been snatched by injustice, oppression and lawlessness which justly deserve the condemnation of mankind; while they commend the Hungarian people in the resistance of after nations, and especially of Republican States, and that the Government of the United States be directed to require and report on the propriety of setting apart a day on which the people thereof may, if they see all changes, to the sailor of Hungary, already achieved and hereafter to be won by the United States, as well as to the exiles fleeing from oppression in their native country.

The Senate then adopted the resolution of Mr. Mangum, providing for the election of a Chaplain, and proceeded further to vote for the same. The Rev. Mr. Hawley, of Baltimore, the Rev. Messrs. C. M. Butler, of Washington City, and Orville Dewey, of New York, being the candidates. On the fifth ballot, Mr. Butler received a majority, and Mr. Butler 30 votes.

The House proceeded next the rule which provides an aisle and vote, except where the heads of Departments.

After some discussion upon the subject, it was agreed that the Committee on Rules should report such a rule, and the House then adjourned.

On the 10th, Mr. Clay presented the memorial of Thomas Jefferson Randolph, praying for, in three years ago, the Prince and Princess of Orange were married, and received a large amount of costly jewels, worth a million of dollars. No doubt the greater part of the wealth of the Chief, a long time, but it was supposed that they had left it in this country. The Government of Holland applied to the Government of the United States to have the property at the moment, and the latter, with a willingness quality and all needful supplies, to the amount of $100,000.

The vessel sailed, but on the return voyage she was discovered, and Mr. Bonaparte, a gentleman of intelligence, in charge of the vessel, was induced to give up a lucrative employment, and devote his energy and talents to the recovery of the lost property.

He did so, and the result was, that the jewels were recovered, and the culprit sent back to Europe. The discovery of Mr. Bonaparte was a matter of great interest to the Prince of Orange, for by this means his honor was preserved, in consequence of an intimation that, being in embarrassed circumstances, he had himself purloined from a casket contained them away. Mr. Seely then applied for an appropriation for his services. He had done

Selected Poetry.

GONE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Another land is reckoning on.
Another call is given;
And glories more than earth expect
The path which enemies traverse.

One young and gentle friend, whose smile
Made brighter summer hours,
And the fawn at autumn time,
Has left us with the flowers

No paling of the cheek of bloom,
Forewarned us of decay;
No slanderer from the silent land,
Half turned to look away.

The light of her young life went down
As night behind the hill,
The glory of a spring-time morn
Unclouded and still.

As pure and sweet her fair brow seemed—
Blessed as the light
And like the brook's low song her name—
A second which could not die.

And half we deemed she heeded not
The changing of her spheres,
To grow in likeness a shining star,
Who walked an angel here.

The freezing-up of her sister life
Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts whose her footsteps pressed,
Like hazy blossoms grew

Sweet promptings to a nobler deed
Were in her very look:
We read her love in eyes no one who reads
A true soul fully took

The sameness of a blessed hymn
To which our hearts could move.
The hearkning of an inward psalm,
A exercise of love

We mass her in the place of prayer,
And by the hearth she's left:
We miss beside her door the voice
Once mine her corner "Good night"

There seems a shadow in the day
Her smile no longer lights;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like rain-dim lustrous eyes.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled
That He whose love exceeded ours
Hath taken her his child

Fold her, oh Father! in Thine arms.
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and Thee

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our daily walk more pure;

And grant that she who trembling here
Instructed all her powers,
May welcome to her better home
The well beloved of ours.

Selected Sketch.

A GOVERNESS'S RECOLLECTIONS OF IRELAND.

[The following highly amusing yet somewhat sorrowful picture of the way things are done at "old Ireland, God bless her!" is from Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

A number of years ago, when I was somewhat less facetious in entering into an engagement than I have latterly become, I was induced to go to Ireland, to take charge of four young ladies in a gentleman's family. It was going a terribly long way from home, and that was an unpleasant circumstance to contemplate; but every body told me that I should be so very handsomely treated, that I did not long hesitate; and so accordingly behold me, on the first place, crossing the sea in a steamer to Dublin, and afterwards driving southwards inside the mail-coach, my spirits wonderfully up with the novelty of the scenery, and the beautiful weather, which seemed to welcome me to the first gem of the ocean.

I do not wish to tell the cause of the town to which I was bound, and need only say that it was a sea-port, with some pretty environs, embellished by numerous gentlemen's seats and pleasure-grounds. In one of these seats, a large and handsome mansion, surrounded by a park, and approached by an "elegant" avenue, I was to be my self-introduced. "A very pleasant office! I expect that is going to be," said I to myself, as I was driven up to the door of the hall in a jaunting-car, which had been in attendance for me at the coach-office. Nice, kind people, for having been so considerate—and what a good-looking establishment—as aristocratic an entrance as could be!

The Tuthams, as I shall call the family—of course using a fictitious appellation—were really a most agreeable set of people. The head of the house was much superior in station and character to a squireen. He possessed considerable property, had been in Parliament, and was a man of remarkable acquirements, which exceedingly accomplished manners. He lady had been a beauty in her youth, and was still a person of fine appearance, though she seemed to have retained in a great measure the habits of her earlier days. She dressed highly, and occupied herself a good deal in doing nothing. With regard to her daughters, who were to be my pupils, they were striking, light-hearted, and pretty. I liked them at first sight; nor did subsequent experience make any sensible alteration on this feeling.

The range of my duties was much less arranged—French, music and drawing, were to be the principal lessons; and to teach we set in the best possible spirits. I must say, however, that a chill began to creep over me when I had time to look about me. Inside and outside the mansion there was a curious mixture of the genteel with the shabby. There seemed to be no exact perception of what was and was not suited to appearance or respectability. Several pairs of glass were broken, and not one of them was restored during my stay. Sometimes they were open, the holes admitting rain and wind, and sometimes they were stopped with anything that could be readily laid hold of. The glazier was always to be sent for; but this proved only a figure of speech.

My own room contrasted unpleasantly with, what till that time, I had been in the custom of thinking unfavourable. On the night after my arrival I wished to finish the door of my room, but found that it had no lock, and I was obliged to keep it shut by means of a piece of furniture.—This did not more distress me than the draw very next morning that the water had no bell. I awaked a little but waiter; and how was I to make myself heard? It was I called from the top of the staircase, and then I thought I could be best heard that there was a bell at the hall door; so, throwing on a cloak, I descended to the lower regions, and hailed the waiter there. over and the commotion at so unusual a sound at this early hour, and scouts were sent on the spot to make sing at the summons. The required hot water was brought to me in a hodge-podge can.

A day or two afterwards, on going into my apartment, I was not a little astonished at observing that the water-mark was running my table, in spite of the precaution of a basin. At the very moment of my entrance, wiping her face with my only towel.

"Judy," said I, "that is taking too much liberty, I must say. Go intoh to me a clean towel at any rate."

"A clane towel did you say, Miss? Why, that one is not a bit the worse o' me; but, if you see, I washed my face since I touched it."

"I don't care," I repeated; "I must have a fresh one, so be as good as to bring it."

"Sure!" ejaculated Judy, "sure the day I die that, when there is only one for each of us!"

"Do you mean to tell me that there is only one towel for each room in the house?"

"Indeed I do, Miss, and plenty: for we always washes them on Saturday night, since that time, and on that very everybody has a clane one on Sunday!"

Finding from one of the young ladies that this was really the case, I went say no more on the subject. The next time I used my face was in the one of my careless handkerchiefs.

If the state of the towels was a little uncomfortable, it was not more so than the bed furniture and some other articles usually connected with the dressing of a lady. For each bed in the house but one blanket could be produced, no matter how cold was the weather; and I remember on the first occasion of my I had not taken the precaution of keeping my cloak and other articles on my bed every night on retiring to rest. Sore my young ladies managed I could not tell. Though provided with no such fowls and other comestibles either, they were deprecatingly ill off for those articles which form the indispensables of female appeal. But they made varmenteers of their deficiencies, and so happy and gay as if they had possessed a dozen of each establishment.

The family had no lack of servants. There was a coachman, butler, lady's-maid, and several house and kitchen-maids. I never clearly understood the number of these latter domestics; for the time or three occasions that I entered the kitchen, there were always some women sitting round the fire, engaged in solemn conclave. One was pretty sure to be smoking a black, stumpy pipe, while the others were warming their hands, and talking on some important piece of business. Stick, I fancy, were the bargain-on of the family. They would go on errand at a pinch, or do any other odd job either required, for which, of course, they enjoyed the inner hospitality of the Tuthams—a true Irish family, always kind to the poor! God bless them!"

One morning, at breakfast, Mr. Tuthan kindly suggested that the young ladies and I should have a holiday. "There is to be some boat-racing to-day, they have all the town," said he, "and you will all go and see it. My brother, the colonel, will be there, and pay you all proper attentions: to just take the car and make a day of it. But don't forget the large umbrella; for you may, perhaps, have a shower before you reach home again."

The offer was thankfully accepted, and we went all in the car, the young ladies exclaiming, laughing and not forgetting the umbrella. We spend a very pleasant day, and the colonel, to do him justice, proved a most valuable cavalier. However, when the day-amusements were over, there was still no Reilly to be found. After a world of searching, the farthest driver was discovered, sat in the best bedroom of the house. That, however, is by thing to us Irishmen, who can drive as well-fresh at sober; so we got away in the car, and once then no loser behind our time. When we had proceeded several miles on our way homewards, we discovered the jaunting-car was missing.

"Reilly," said I, "where is the umbrella?"

Reilly answered not a word, but drove on furiously. I could not get him to speak; and as my sweet pleasant day, and the colonel, to do him justice, proved a most valuable cavalier. However, where the jaunting-car was missing. There was